The Sonoma Index-Tribune.

VOL. XX. SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1893. NO. 17.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNINGS.

H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

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Attorney at Law,
—AND—
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OFFICE IN SONOMA VALLEY BANK building.

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SEARCHER OF RECORDS AND CONVEYANCER, loans negotiated. Office, 31 and 32 Doyle & Overton Block, Santa Rosa, Cal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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East side of the Plaza, Sonoma.
French Bread Fresh Every Day Delivered to all Parts of the Valley.
R. CANTONI,
PROPRIETOR.

DEATH'S DISGUISE.

O death, when from the dark you lean
Toward her eyes and her sweet hair,
Come with no menace in your mien
And bring no face of horror there!

(Because so long since I have passed,
Though not to go I was so fain,
And may not hold her at the last
To kiss away the parting pain.)

Come to her when the sunlight dips,
No grisly shape or weird surprise,
To smile upon her with my lips
And gaze upon her with my eyes.

So may she, with her fainting breath,
Naught knowing any sob or tear,
Stretching to feel arms to thee, dear death,
Kiss thy white cheek without a fear.
—Post Wheeler in Atlanta Constitution.

MOTIVES.

After the first day's fighting at Santiago two men, lying side by side, tried vainly to sleep. The nightmare of the struggle still left its impress on them. A twitching of the lips or a nervous starting of a limb showed the after effects of the strain. They were volunteers, who had picked each other out for the stanch, all trusting friendship that comes to men who are exposed to danger and hardship.

The heat of war sends all the small conventions of life up into thin smoke. Where death and blood surround on every side and the hum of bullets and the shriek of shell whisper a warning that the next to go may be oneself the man is reduced to elementary principles. David cleaves to Jonathan with his whole soul and asks no reason why.

So it was with these two. Their hearts spoke directly to each other.

The black Cuban night formed a fitting surrounding for confidences. A man liked to reach out a hand and find that a friend was near. It was so dark, so empty of God and hope, such a fitting prelude to the frowning morrow!

At last the younger broke the silence. "By gosh, Billy, you showed up well today!" said he. "You went up that hill like a man who wasn't afraid to live or die. I tell you I was proud of you."

"Shucks!" answered the other. "You did the same."

"Yes, I know, but my reason wasn't quite the same, I'm afraid. To tell you the plain truth, old man, I only came into this business to get my name up. I wouldn't give you 3 cents a hundred for Cubans, let alone my life. I wanted," he went on in a shamefaced way, "to have the girls point me out when I got home—you know, 'Ain't he a hero?' and that kind of thing. 'Tain't very noble, is it? I don't suppose you'll think much of me after that, but somehow I felt I had to tell it."

The elder man smiled into the darkness—an exceeding bitter and mirthless smile.

"What do you suppose I came down here for?" he asked.

"I don't suppose anything about it—I know," answered the other stoutly. "Haven't I been with you every day since you fished me out of the surf? And you've never kicked nor grumbled, no matter what came up. You're here because you believe in it, and you need not say anything different just to comfort me."

"Listen," said the other, laying a hand on his arm and bringing his mouth close to the lad's ear. "I'm going to tell you something, Kid—something I certainly never expected to tell anybody. But I may get it tomorrow, and I feel that I must speak. Don't say a word until I've finished and then see if you want to take my hand.

"My boy, I came down here to kill a man in our regiment."

He felt the start the other gave, but went on without a change of voice. "I'd been watching my chance for a month; then I heard that he enlisted, and I joined. Now, the first time he gets near me and nobody's looking I'm going to shoot him through the heart—right—through—his—dirty— black—heart."

"Good God!" said the other. "Good God Almighty!"

"It's the truth," continued the elder in the same quiet voice. "I picked the scoundrel out of the gutter and tried to make a man of him—took him right into my home, and that was the worst day's job I ever did, for it didn't stay my home long. My wife—my wife—well, I had no wife after that. I don't know what to think. She seemed a good girl—as true a wife as a man ever had before—for years—but—well, Kid, the reason I charged up the hill today was to show myself that I wouldn't be afraid to meet him face to face. I'd have killed him openly before, but that would have brought the whole story out, and the bums on the corner at home could laugh and joke about—about my wife."

The silence fell black around them. At last the younger spoke.

"I'm only a kid, Bill, and I don't quite understand these things. I don't know anything about them, but I do know that you're a square man. It seems awful to me, but there's my hand just the same."

The other groped for it and squeezed it heartily. A tingling came to his eyes. The boy's sympathy was very sweet to his sore heart.

"I have always been a square man, and this job goes against me," he went on. "I wish there was some other way out of it."

"O Lord, so do I!" groaned the boy. "Ain't there anything, Bill?"

"Nothing. I suppose if we both get back it will be the same old misery all over again. I suppose if I could talk about it to—to—my wife—perhaps it might make some difference—but I can't speak. The words stick in my throat."

"Perhaps he'll get killed?"

"Not on your life. His sort never do. No, no! There's nothing for it but for me to take the law in my own hands. Good night, Kid! I'm going to sleep."

The next day Bill was struck on the head by a piece of shell in the early part of the engagement.

A man who had hitherto kept carefully out of sight ran forward and, picking him up, started for the rear, carrying his insensible body.

The Kid, who was leaning against the tree bandaging his shattered left arm, looked up as they passed him.

"Why, it's Bill!" he cried. "Say, pardner, where's he hit? Is it bad?"

"In the head; don't know," answered the stranger.

"Poor old Bill!" said the boy, with quivering lips. "Oh, ain't this war a horrible business! I don't want any more of their d——d fighting!"

He had stood the pain of his own wound without a whimper, but the sight of his friend's bloody face was too much for overwrought nerves. He broke down and sobbed like a child.

"Brace up, Kid. Perhaps it ain't as bad as it looks," said the stranger.

"Oh, that's all right for you to say," answered the boy. "What is it to you? But he was my pardner, and I care something about it."

The arms of the stranger gripped his burden convulsively. He turned a savage face upon the boy.

"Shut up, you fool!" he said, then added in a different voice: "Give me a lift with your good arm, will you? I feel kinder sick."

The Kid took his friend's feet under his arm, while the stranger supported the shoulders.

So they staggered on until they came to the field hospital.

There they laid the wounded man down with all possible tenderness. The Kid went to hasten a surgeon.

As Bill touched the earth his eyes opened, vacantly at first, but with gradually increasing intelligence, fury gathering in them the while, until they bent upon the stranger with absolute ferocity.

The other gazed steadily at him.

"You here, you black hearted dog!" at last said Bill between his teeth. "If I could raise a hand, I'd kill you!"

"Will you listen to me a minute?" answered the other. "I only ask you for a little time, and every word shall be the God's truth."

A weakness swept across the wounded man. Life lost its intensity. He nodded wearily.

"Well, Bill," said the stranger in a halting, abrupt fashion. "I was a bad lot—there ain't any doubt of it—and that my feelings toward Sally were wrong I ain't going to deny, but don't be too hard on the girl. It was all my fault. I led her along so quiet and easy that she didn't suspect me. That she didn't understand right away is true, too; but, Bill, we're all human, and you know I had the trick of pleasing women. As God is my witness, Bill, it didn't go as far as you think. Then, and when she understood fully, she wouldn't let me so much as touch her hand. Still she felt, poor little soul, that she was to blame in the matter, and she worked and talked to me to show me what an awful thing we'd done. She brought up how good you'd been to both of us until I saw—I saw.

"Then I enlisted right away—that's the reason I came down here—to see if I couldn't get out of it all in a decent sort of way, for I am sick of myself—dead sick. And, Bill, I'll never go back—I feel it in my bones, but even if I should I couldn't trouble you any more, for the girl gave it up of her own free will, which ain't a little thing on this earth, where none of us is angels. I might change again—I know it—I never was either good or bad long at a time—but Sally is a different kind. You'll never have cause to doubt her again, that's sure."

The wounded man looked at him with sad eyes.

"You always were a liar," he said simply.

"That's so; that's so," assented the other eagerly. "But not this time, Bill. I wish I could tell with my dying breath, then you couldn't help but believe me."

The words had hardly left his mouth when there was a ripping sound in the bush, instantly followed by a sharp "thwuck." A piece of cloth leaped from the stranger's breast. A fountain of blood spurted after it.

His eyes were filled with wonder. He stood erect—so—for a fraction of time; then the muscles gave way, and he came crashing to earth. A second later he raised himself upon his elbow, struggling with the hurry and confusion of his mind. He fixed his dimming eyes upon his enemy, gasping:

"I'm gone, Bill—all true—so help me—God! Forgive"—

And he was dead.

Bill covered his eyes with his hands. The vengeance which we gloat over looks horrible when worked by other hands. The bitterness left his soul, and a great pity took its place.

"Oh, Lord," he prayed, "send me back to my little girl!"—Criterion.

Zangwill on Tennyson.

It is one of the pleasures of my life that I never saw Tennyson. Hence I am still able to think of him as a poet, for even his photograph is not disillusionizing, and he dressed for the part almost as well as Beerbohm Tree would have done. Why one's idea of a poet is a flue frenzied being I do not quite know. One seems to pick it up in the very nursery, and even the London gamin knows a poet when he doesn't see one.

Clouded Glass.

To cloud a glass for the sake of protection purposes, as in a bathroom, and yet to preserve the light a man who works in glass says that it is done with a solution of epsom salts and vinegar applied with a brush. This should give a frosted look that becomes very durable if it is gone over at once with damar or white varnish.

Base Ingratitude.

Parrot (scornfully)—Aw, what a hat, what a hat, what a hat!

Old Lady (indignantly)—The ungrateful beast! I'll resign from the Audubon society at once and trim my bonnet with parrot wings.—Harper's Bazar.

PLAYING AT WAR.

The little folks are playing war;
They're in the garden closes,
In bright brigades, with shiny blades,
And storming forts with roses.
We care not which side wins, you know,
We love the little armies so!

From left to right, with flags of white,
They muster to the drum;
Their curls stream golden in the fight—
The conquering heroes come!
And love shall crown, no way but this,
Victor and vanquished, with a kiss!

They speed o'er mimic ford and glen
On little painted nags;
The rose sweet captains cheer the men
Who rally round the flags!
They march on fairy towns in state
And all our hearts capitulate.

Not far away from love's dear eyes
Shall these brave armies roam,
For when in song the daylight dies
We'll call the soldiers home,
And love, where every white tent gleams,
Shall kiss the soldiers in their dreams.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE PLASTERER.

"Maria," observed Peter Grigwell to his better half as he decapitated his second egg—laid in Germany—at the domestic breakfast table, "I suppose your strongly developed feminine proclivities will not allow of your foregoing for once in a way the delirious delights of a thorough 'spring cleaning?'"

"If, Peter, in plain English, you mean that you wish me to shirk my duty as a British housewife by neglecting to clear away a twelvemonth's accumulation of grime and cobwebs, you suppose correctly," retorted Mrs. Grigwell in a dry, matter of fact tone of voice that ought to have silenced any average man.

But Peter had become so acclimatized, as it were, to his wife's very own style of oratory that it had ceased to impress him ever so slightly.

"Twelve months' accumulation!" he cried in well feigned astonishment. "Why, I have always labored under the impression that the house was kept pretty clean week in and week out!"

"Pretty clean, of course," returned Mrs. Peter, with a sniff and toss of her head, "but the carpets are not taken up weekly. But perhaps you have been so absorbed in the consideration of weightier matters that you have failed to notice such a detail as that." This was said in Mrs. G.'s most sarcastic vein, but it only elicited a gruff "Humph!" from her husband, so she returned to the charge with: "Then look at the ceilings. You cannot truthfully deny that they require whitening, and badly too."

"I suppose the process is inevitable," observed Peter a trifle wearily. "No home complete without it, so to speak."

"I should think not!" exclaimed the lady in a ringing voice of triumph.

"There is one thing I am fully determined upon though," said Mr. Grigwell calmly, "and that is I am not going to be mulcted to the same tune as I was last year. Dasher's bill was a paralyzer. A few more like it would compel me to undergo the process of white washing myself."

"What do you intend to do then?" asked Mrs. Grigwell in a voice as hard as the primest cut of beefsteak.

"I intend," answered Peter in a self reliant tone, "to whitewash myself."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Grigwell sweetly—bitter sweetly, in fact—"but who is going to whitewash the ceilings?"

Peter gave his wife a penetrating glance, having a hazy notion that she was trying to get at him, as the saying goes, but as she bore his gimletlike stare without flinching he appeared satisfied and said:

"Yes, I am determined to distemper—they call it that now in the bill—the ceilings entirely myself. See?"

Mrs. Grigwell felt the situation to be desperate indeed, but knowing from experience gained in the past how utterly futile would any attempt be on her part to reason with the self opinionated Peter, she determined to try the effect of ridicule.

"Peter Grigwell," she said in her most withering manner, "you will surely never be quite such an idiot as to attempt to whitewash the ceilings of this house?"

"Madam," retorted Mr. Grigwell grimly, "your remarks are in exceedingly bad taste and ill become the wife of a farseeing husband whose sole intent is the welfare of his family and to preserve them from being plundered by rapacious distempering demons."

"You will find that your silly fad will cost you dear in the end," retorted Mrs. Grigwell, with a derisive laugh.

"Bosh!" said Peter hotly. "That's just the way—but, there, what's the use of arguing with a woman? Lemme see, today is Wednesday. I shall make a start with this room tomorrow at 10 sharp. You hear, Maria, at 10 o'clock."

Peter spent the remainder of the forenoon in getting together all the old newspapers in the house, and with the aid of a large lobster tin full of paste, a brush and a pair of garden shears he fashioned from several of the broad sheets mysterious looking things bearing a weird resemblance to inordinately roomy trousers and an expansive coat with balloonlike sleeves.

Next morning Peter was up in good time and set about mixing his whitewash in a zinc bucket, so as to be in readiness for his work as soon as breakfast was out of the way. By 10 o'clock the course was clear for Peter to commence his wrestle with the distemper business. He, with calm politeness, requested that he might be left alone, as he required no assistance and the whole thing would be done within an hour. Mrs. Grigwell gave her husband a pitying look, then silently left him to his own devious devices.

Then Peter set to work in desperate earnest. With a number of newspapers he enshrouded the various articles of furniture, then spread a further quantity all over the carpet. Next he proceeded to invest the walls with the order of the paper collar, as one might term it. All this done, Peter looked around upon his handiwork, a smile of satisfaction meandering across his face as he did so.

"Who said it was impossible to whitewash a ceiling without spoiling everything in the room?" he soliloquized. "I'll show 'em how it's done."

The self satisfied Peter then proceeded to conceal his own rotund form with the mysterious paper combinations previously mentioned. Certainly his appearance was more that of a circus clown than of a respectable ratepaying citizen, especially when he concluded his toilet by placing on his massive (some called it fat) cranium a paper cap of the orthodox sugar loaf shape so much affected by grotesques of the sawdust. However, there was nobody present to see him. So what did it matter?

Up the handy pair of steps sprang Peter, bucket and brush in hand, and without unnecessary delay he made dash No. 1 at the ceiling—which, by the way, he had forgotten should have first been water washed—with the brush heavily charged with the beautifying mixture. The result was not quite as the amateur distemper could have wished. A far greater percentage of the whiting descended in a thick shower on Peter's paper dittoes than went on to the ceiling, to say nothing of sundry big splashes dropping upon various parts of his upturned face, causing him to sneeze so violently as to very nearly lose his balance and topple off the steps ignominiously to the floor.

After ten minutes' wild dabbing and splashing Peter thought he might as well assist exhausted nature by blowing the fragrant weed during work, just as though he were a real British workman. So he came down from his perch, found his beloved brier, charged it with some of Taddy's "Myrtle Grove" and lighted it with a British made match. This latter he—British workmanlike—dropped while still aflame on to his improvised paper drugget.

No sooner had Peter again mounted his rostrum than, glancing downward, he saw, to his dismay, the devouring element skimming along the floor. Down scuttled the alarmed distemperer, with the intention of stamping out the blaze. But, alas, in the excitement of the moment poor Peter forgot the nature of his improvised overalls! The next moment the tongues of the fiery serpents crawling on the floor had licked Peter's "ready mades," and he was soon frantically occupied in tearing off the paper covering and burning his hands to a rather "sulphury" tune.

The situation threatened to develop into something serious, as the fire had commenced to mount the walls, so Peter was reluctantly compelled to fling open the door and yell for assistance.

Mrs. Grigwell rushed forth from the back regions, and, giving a wild look into the room, fled screaming to the street door, which she flung open, and then she proceeded to shriek out:

"Fire, fire! Police, police!"

Suddenly a great commotion was heard in the front, the street door was thrown violently open, and a brass helmeted figure loomed faintly through the thick smoke which filled the entrance hall. The next instant a shining copper tube was pushed forward into the room, and before Peter could find breath to tell the man who pointed the nozzle full at him that all danger was past he was almost off his feet by a powerful jet of water which drenched him to the skin.

However, he soon found his tongue sufficiently to overwhelm the fireman in some choice vernacular that nearly had the effect of starting the fire afresh.

With an injured look beneath his metal headpiece the fireman threw down his hose, and, going to the street door, growled out to his colleagues outside:

"Turn orf!"

* * * * * * * *

The following day the professional "distemperers" came as heretofore, and at Christmas their little (?) bill will come to Peter Grigwell as usual. The house furnishers, too, will benefit by Peter's laudable but misdirected efforts to economize. Taken altogether, Mrs. Grigwell's prophecy was pretty accurate.—Exchange.

The public schools teach almost every known branch of study but the one most important branch of all. What does it profit your son if he has an intellect like a Newton, and is mentally an Admiral Crichton, if he has a weak and puny body and not the remotest idea of how to care for his health? A boy should be taught from the start that his health is his most precious endowment. Without health, all the talent, all the genius, and all the ambition in the world are worthless. A boy should be taught that success in any walk of life, that happiness, and life itself, are dependent upon his care of his health.

When a man feels that he is losing his health and vigor, when his cheeks no longer glow, his step is no longer elastic and the sparkle of health is no longer in his eyes, he should work less, rest more and resort to the right remedy to restore his bodily vigor. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a natural medicine—a scientific medicine. It does no violence to nature. It works with and not against nature. It promotes the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It imparts vitality and power to the whole system. It gives plumpness and color to the cheeks, sparkle to the eyes, steadiness to the nerves, strength to the muscles and the animation of health to the whole body. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic and restorative. Medicine dealers sell it and have absolutely nothing else "just as good."

"I was afflicted with pimples and boils, and running sores on face and neck," writes Robert S. Wert, Esq., of No. 615 Galloway Ave., Columbus, Ohio. "I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and was cured."

Constipation is the commonest beginning and first cause of many serious diseases and it should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets used in connection with the "Discovery." These are the most perfect natural laxatives and permanently cure.

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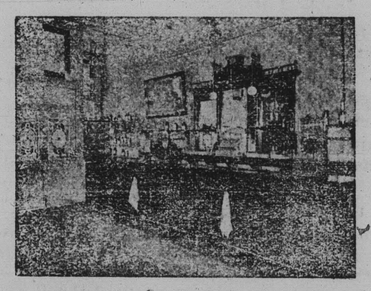

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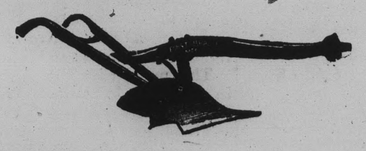

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The Index-Tribune

SONOMA, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

H. H. GRANICE - - - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR

Result in the State.

LAST Tuesday's contest resulted in a big victory for the Republican State ticket, the only exception being the defeat of Curry for Secretary of State by R. A. Thompson, and Van Fleet by Van Dyke for Supreme Court Justice.

Republicans will also have a big majority in the Legislature on joint ballot, thus ensuring the election of U. S. Grant, Jr., to the United States Senate. The Republicans also elected Barham, Metcalf, Kahn, Loud, Needham and Waters, nominees for Congress in the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Districts. The Democrats secured only one Congressman, De Vries in the Second District.

In Organization there is Strength.

Now, that the agitation over the State and county election is at an end it were well that the people of Sonoma take up the water question again. Let a public meeting be held and have the question discussed pro and con to the end that every citizen will thoroughly understand the proposition of the city owning and controlling its own water supply. Private ownership is out of the question because the majority of the people of this town will never submit to the minority on that proposition. Therefore we say, let the good people of Sonoma get together in public meeting and organize for the purpose of backing up the City Trustees in their effort to serve the people instead of two or three private parties in this matter of water supply. In organization there is strength.

THE California Wine Makers' Corporation, at a meeting held in San Francisco recently, forwarded to the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of California and the Philadelphia Museum resolutions thanking those bodies for the interest they are taking in the wine industry of this coast. The resolution recites that California wine-makers can successfully compete in price, quality and quantity with the countries of South America, and that there is no reason why the producers here cannot find a splendid market on the southern continent for the wines made here The resolution says: "We now believe that the darkest days of the wine industry of California have passed and that a bright future is before us; that not only will the winemakers of this State be shortly enabled to dispose of their wines at remunerative prices, but that the viticultural industry of this State must and will in time become one of the largest and best paying industries of California."

THE defeat of Frank Murphy for Sheriff and other Republican nominees ought to be a lesson to the party in this county. Boss Lemmon has kept an espionage for years on the Sheriff and other offices in the Court House, ready to swoop down and gobble up everything in sight in the way of official patronage. He can now take a rest.

THE handsome majority of 1.820 accorded Miss Coulter, candidate for School Superintendent, was not only an acknowlegment of her fitness for the position, but also a stinging rebuke to the degenerate of the Sonoma Newsance.

Hand Book of the Tariff.

The understanding of the complicated provisions of the new tariff has been greatly simplified by the issuance of this manuel, which contains decisions of the Federal Courts, General Appraisers and the Secretary of the Treasury on mooted points. To digest the tariff law is no easy task, but to digest the food taken into the gastric receptacles is rendered facile and agreeable by the systematic use of that thorough stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This is a family medicine of comprehensive uses. It prevents and kills malaria, kidney and rheuma ic troubles, remedies nervousness and insomnia, and removes constipation and biliousness. Appetite, as well as the ability to satisfy it without subsequent abdominal disturbance, is restored by this fine stomachic, which also accelerates convalescence. Persons in the decline of life and the infirm of every age and sex find it of material assistance.

Duhring has made a big cut on flour. He is now selling Port Costa at $1 10 and Oregon at $1.00 per sack.

SCHELLVILLE SIFTINGS

The pupils of the San Luis School enjoyed two holidays this week, Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Ada Riley of San Francisco is the guest of her friend, Mrs. Chas. Ohm.

Mr. E. Rowell, head master of Locust Grove School, spent Saturday and Sunday in the Bay City.

Miss Margaret Burke spent several days this week at her San Francisco home.

The many friends of Chas. Ohm are greatly pleased at his election to the office of Constable. He carried this precinct by a very large vote.

The ladies of the Sonoma M. E. Church served an excellent dinner on the San Luis school grounds on election day and were well patronized by the voters and their friends.

Bath the Republicans and Democrats here are delighted over the election of Miss Minnie Coulter for Superintendent of Schools, and showed their appreciation of her merit and intelligence by giving her a splendid vote. Miss Coulter made many friends here during the campaign.

VOLUNTEER.

Schellville, November 11, 1898.

Subscribe for the Index-Tribune.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Cases Disposed of Last Monday by Judges Dougherty and Burnett.

In department one these matters came before Judge S. K Dougherty on Monday:

The final account of the estate of Phoebe L. Loomis was settled and distribution was ordered.

A. M. Johnson was appointed administrator on the estate of Oliva M. Brown in a bond of $70.

These probate matters were continued: Estate of Ann D. Burnett to November 14th; estate of Jas. L. Clark to November 14th; estate of Eleanor Walker to November 14th; estate of Dorothy Carson to November 28th.

The trial was partially had of the suit brought by J. W. Horn against H. Pederson. A petition for non-suit was filed, and the matter will be submitted on briefs.

In the matter of the estate of E. R. Barnes, T. A. Barnes was appointed administrator in a bond of $50.

The H. W. Hudson insolvency proceedings were continued to November 21st, and the suit of Wm. Jones vs. R. Porter Ashe to November 22nd.

A divorce was granted in the suit of Adamson vs. Adamson on the grounds of desertion.

In the actions brought by Zalinsky vs. Nordin, and Horn vs. Piezzi the demurrers were overruled. In Stanley vs. Clark the demurrer was sustained.

On Judge Burnett's calendar in department two there were the following matters:

The motion for change of venue in Knapp & Stengel vs. James Peterson was granted.

These matters were continued: Barry vs. Barry, Walker vs. Walker, J. Lucas vs. E. Reynolds, W. H. Weilby vs. F. T. Duhring to November 14th.

In the case of the People vs. Henry Brush and Roman Sanchez, a demurrer was filed and overruled. Defendants are charged with furnishing liquor to Indians near Sebastopol. Both entered a plea of not guilty. The trial was set for November 29th.

The action of Silva vs. Silva was continued to November 14th.

What Shall Be Done

FOR THE DELICATE GIRL

You have tried iron and other tonics. But she keeps pale and thin. Her sallow complexion worries you. Perhaps she has a little hacking cough also. Her head aches; and she cannot study, Give her

Scott's Emulsion

The oil will feed her wasting body; the glycerine will soothe her cough, and the hypophosphites will give new power and vigor to her nerves and brain. Never say you "cannot take cod-liver oil" until you have tried Scott's Emulsion. You will be obliged to change your opinion at once. Children especially become very fond of it; and infants do not know when it is added to their food.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

COUNTY HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Martha Williams, who died at Guerneville on October 30th, after several weeks illness, was a cousin of the stolen Charlie Ross, whose abduction about 25 years ago created so much excitement all over the eastern states. The father of Mrs. Williams and of Charlie Ross were brothers.

Mrs. Seawell, mother of Emmet Seawell, met with a most painful accident on Monday. While g thering some flowers in the yard at Mr. Seawell's house in Santa Rosa Mrs. Seawell fell to the ground with such force that her nose was broken. The lady, who has passed the seventieth mile stone, was taken into the house and cared for in the most tender manner possible. Her many friends will regret to hear of her misfortune.

The Race of the Age!

What a race!

The train was just pulling out of Englewood, puffing and panting with its mighty efforts. As it slowly gained speed it came on a lot of tow headed children roosting on a fence, who shouted and waved as the cars came up, and then, as if with a common impulse, every child leaped to the ground and began a race with the train. The race was of short duration. As the

machine left the panting little runners behind, a gray haired onlooker smiling sadly remarked: "Young America all over. Nothing too swift for them to race against." "Yes, you couldn't find a fitter exemplification of the familiar saying, 'The child is the father of the man' than in that group of children racing against the train. It's but a preliminary heat of the great race their parents are engaged in. As a physician I realize as perhaps you do not," he continued, "the erroneous change that fifty years have made in our national life. People point back to grandmothers and greatgrandmothers and say

LOOK AT THEM!

Compare them with the women of to-day! How straight they were and how strong, how hardy and how helpful they were, how heartily they ate and how heartily they laughed.

"To-day, as men and women, millions of us do in earnest what those children did in play; we're keyed up to the straining point all the time, and the nerves won't stand the daily strains and drains without protest."

There is a ton of solid fact to reflect on, suggested by the statement just quoted. What are we going to do? This is the age of steam, the age of electricity. We must keep up in

THE GREAT RACE.

But how long can we keep up? No longer, relatively, than the children kept up their race with the train. What we need is more brawn, more blood and better blood. Strength of body depends on a pure and plentiful blood current, for science has never advanced a fact beyond the statement of Moses that "The Blood is The Life." But every generation of investigation shows the statement to be true in a wider, deeper, and broader sense than was dreamed of in the past. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery begins at the beginning with the blood. It cures practically a wide range of diseases because many forms of disease have their origin in the blood. It is a scientific compound based, not upon theory but upon the practical, common sense proof that if you purify, enrich, and vitalize the blood you overcome disease in any organ. The "Golden Medical Discovery" heals disease in just this way. It begins first of all to strengthen the body through the blood, and every ounce of new blood and pure blood counts against disease.

"It was near the little town of Leroy, W. Va., and during the month of March, 1895, that a young man lay pale and motionless upon (what the neighbors called) his dying bed. Disease of the lungs, liver complaint, kidney trouble, and pleurisy were fast hastening him to the grave. The doctors had given him up to die. The neighbors said, 'he cannot live.' 'Oh, I would not care to die,' he said, 'were it not for leaving my dear wife and little child, but I know that I must die.' A brother had presented him with three bottles of medicine, but he had no faith in 'patent medicines'; but, after the doctors had given him up to die and he had banished every hope of recovery, he said to his wife, 'Dear wife, I am going to die, there can be no harm now in taking that medicine. I will begin its use at once.' He did begin to use it and at first he grew worse, but soon there came a change. Slowly but surely he got better. To-day that man is strong and healthy and he owes his life to that medicine. What was the medicine? It was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I. Luther Martin, am the cured man. Dr. Pierce, I thank you from the very depth of my heart, for rescuing me from the grave." The foregoing is from Luther Martin, Esq., a prominent citizen of Lubec, Wood Co., W. Va.

M. L. Mosier, Esq., of Garfield, Lamoille Co., Vt., writes: "I had been out of health for about two years. Suffered with pain in head, nervousness, could not sleep, poor appetite, loss of flesh; caused by overwork. Doctors did not help me so I applied to you for advice, and described my case. You replied advising me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets.' I did so and after using one bottle I could sleep better and felt better. After using six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of 'Pellets,' I find myself gaining in flesh and I am almost entirely cured."

Villager's Idea of Hotel Business.

A young lawyer in one of the leading lake cities recently passed a few days at the home of his childhood, a rural hamlet in an adjoining county. While there he ran across one of the characters of the place, a quaint old man whom he had known ever since he could remember.

"How's bizness in town?" inquired the aged man.

"Pretty good," replied the lawyer.

"What yo doin now?"

"Practicing law."

"What's your brother Jim doin?"

"Jim is running a hotel," and he named one of the largest public houses in the city.

"Is Jim married yet?"

"No."

The old man raised his head with a commiserating glance. Then he dryly observed:

"Has to dee-pend on hired help eh!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FINE PRINTING At this Office.

Strong, steady nerves
Are needed for success
Everywhere. Nerves
Depend simply, solely,
Upon the blood.
Pure, rich, nourishing
Blood feeds the nerves
And makes them strong.
The great nerve tonic is
Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Because it makes
The blood rich and
Pure, giving it power
To feed the nerves.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures nervousness,
Dyspepsia, rheumatism,
Catarrh, scrofula,
And all forms of
Impure blood.

Rough on Solomon.

The following incident happened at one of the "catecheesms" which are held periodically in Scotland for all the members of the kirk of a certain district.

"The lesson was in Ecclesiastes," says Mr. Johnston, "and one day they had been discussing the verse in which Solomon says, 'Among a thousand men I have found one, but among a thousand women have I found not one,' meaning one just and good and upright. And an old Scotchwoman, when she had listened in silence and heard the rest accept it as present and gospel truth, got her dander up and rose to her feet.

"'Hoot!' she said indignantly, her eyes blazing. 'Do you find why that was? It was because nae dacent woman wad be seen in his company.'"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

How, Indeed?

She—Do you believe in platonic love?

He—I hardly know. Do you?

She—Well, of course there may be such a thing, but—but—well, between two such people as you and—and—

He—No, not between you and me. Ah, Helen, platonic love would not do for me! I must speak. Can you—can you—

She—Oh, Alfred, how did you guess my secret?—Chicago News.

A new invention is one to make telegraph wire out of paper. The interior cable is lead covered, and thin spirals of paper are wound around each interior wire. The cost is said to be one-fifteenth of rubber insulated cable.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars reward for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

STUMP PENCILS MASCOTS.

Members of Gotham's Stock Exchange Superstitious About Lead Sticks.

"Talking about hoodoos and mascots," said a member of the Stock Exchange, "the boys on the floor of the exchange are as superstitious as a lot of sailors. If you don't believe it, you look at the lead pencils they are using the next time you are in the building.

"You won't find a man using a long lead pencil. Why? Because a long pencil is a 'hoodoo' of the worst kind. They always cut a new pencil in half before they sharpen it. Some of these pencils acquire the reputation of being lucky.

"Less than a week ago I came down without my pencil, which, by the way, is a lucky one—every memorandum made with that pencil results in a profit for me—and I borrowed one from a friend on the floor. He handed me a stump about an inch long and said, 'You can use that; it's a lucky pencil.'

"Sure enough, I made two deals in the morning, and each netted me a handsome profit.

"I was about to make a memorandum of some stock I had bought when my friend approached and said:

"'Here, take this pencil and let me have mine again. I've lost on every deal since I loaned it to you.'

"Sure enough, I lost on that deal, and the luck went back to the owner of the pencil.

"When you get hold of a lucky pencil, you want to hang on to it.

"Some of the boys have little lucky pencils not more than an inch long, and they guard them as they would their lives.

"If you, through carelessness or accident, cause them to break the lead point they lose whatever regard they have for you and forever afterward regard you as inimical. Some of them wouldn't take $5 for a little piece of pencil worth considerably less than a cent."—New York Press.

Schilling's Best

Japan Ceylon
English Breakfast
Oolong Ideal Blend

Tea

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EMPORIUM
and
Golden Rule Bazaar,
California's Largest—America's Grandest Store, San Francisco.

One of the grandest displays of holiday merchandise in America.

Entrancing tableaux for the children in the fairy grotto—LittleRed Riding-hood; Cinderella and the glass slipper; Noah's Ark, etc., etc. The wonderful doll show, surpassing any similar exhibit ever made in this city. The big doll theatre; the doll circus; the marvelous mechanical toys and Santa Claus' daily reception.

Ask or send for the Holiday Messenger—a little booklet which gives a thousand hints of suitable gifts for Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, Sweetheart, Friends and the Children.

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1051 MARKET ST. bet. 6th & 7th, S. F. Cal.
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We are continually adding new specimens. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made and how to avoid sickness and disease. If you suffer from any of the ills of man, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast.

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Consultation free and strictly private. Treatment personally or by letter. SYPHILIS thoroughly eradicated from the system without using Mercury.
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MAILED FREE. (A valuable book for men.)
DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St. S. F.

SMALL FARMS to rent cheap. Suitable for chicken-raising. Apply to H. H. GRANICE, Sonoma.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

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3 RAMBLER ROSES! WHITE. YELLOW. CRIMSON

Will make a magnificent hedge, beautiful shade for the piazza, or a charming bed. Constant bloomers, perfectly hardy. One plant produces thousands of flowers

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MISCELLANEOUS. | MISCELLANEOUS

DUHRIN'GS

Port Costa Flour $1.10 per Sack.

Oregon Flour $1.00 per Sack

Money Back if not Satisfactory.

-:- Duhring's -:-

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JUST RECEIVED---A Full Line of

FALL and WINTER DRESS GOODS

FLANNELS, LADIES and CHILDREN'S WOOL and MERINO UNDERWEAR, etc., at G. H. Hotz's dry goods store.

New Goods Arriving Every Week

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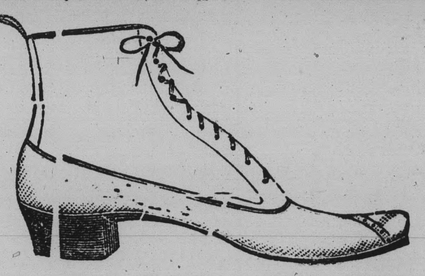

Prices to Suit the Times

Shoes for Everybody. Finest and Largest Stock of Shoes that ever came to Sonoma.

Ladies, Mens,
Misses and Boys and
Childrens. Youths,

FINE SHOES.

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H. H. GRANICE,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

SONOMA, CAL.

The Index-Tribune

SONOMA, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

CITY OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SUDDEN DEATH

E. H. Wickersham Seized With a Fainting Spell

From Which He Fails to Rally—A Prominent Odd Fellow.

E. H. Wickersham, who came here from Iowa four years ago last spring, died very suddenly at his home near this place yesterday morning between 8 and 9 o'clock. He was in the enjoyment of his usual good health when he arose in the morning. After the breakfost hour and while engaged in looking over his farm he was seized with a fainting spell, from which it was impossible to rally him, and he expired shortly after being assisted into the house.

Deceased was a nephew of I. G. Wickersham, the Petaluma banker, and leaves a wife, daughter and step-daughter, Miss Mabel Sellers.

Mr. Wickersham was a prominent Odd Fellow and previous to coming to this place was Grand President of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of Iowa. He was also a member of Temple Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M.

The remains will be taken to Petaluma to-morrow for interment.

Fierce Forest Fire.

As we go to press a fierce forest fire is raging five or six miles north of town in the direction of Lovall Valley. The flames are being fanned by a high north wind and are apparently extending over a large area of territory.

Brevities.

The first heavy frost of the season visited this valley on Tuesday morning last.

John D. Bancroft has purchased the Pioneer Grove farm, two miles northwest of town, where he will reside with his family.

Mrs. C. N. Cheney returned to her home in San Francisco Sunday morning, after a stay of two weeks with relatives at Agua Caliente.

Ladies' gold watch given away to person guessing nearest how long the above watch will run. For further particulars call when in town. O M. Campbell, the Jeweler. Corner Washington & Main streets, Petaluma. *

The young men of Sonoma Valley Council, No. 45, Y. M. I., will give a grand ball in Union Hall on Wednesday evening, November 23rd, (Thanksgiving Eve.) Music will be furnished by Park's Orchestra of Santa Rosa.

F. H. Dewey and J. P. Weems are having their residences on Broadway wired by the electric light company this week. So far nearly every business house in town is lighted with incandescent electric lights and one by one private dwellings are following suit.

Farmers and dairymen are crying out for rain. The October rains started feed and put the ground in condition for plowing, but the dry weather of the past three weeks has dried up the wild grasses which had taken a good start, and in consequence stock has to be fed altogether on hay. Plowing, however, still continues and considerable summer fallowing is being done.

O. M. Campbell, the jeweler, corner of Washington and Main streets, Petaluma, invites you to call on him when in town. In his new store he displays sparkling diamonds, fine jewelry, watches, silverware, clocks, optical goods, musical instruments and bicycles. Remember the place, corner of Main and Washington streets, Petaluma. *

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE RESULT IN SONOMA COUNTY.

Gage's Majority Over 500

Democrats Elect Sims Senator and Cowan Assemblyman.

LE BARON ELECTED ASSEMBLYMAN FROM THE SIXTEENTH.

Miss Coulter's Majority 1800

FULTON FOR CLERK.

GRACE DEFEATS MURPHY FOR SHERIFF.

Woodward for Treasurer and Dowd for Assessor.

Webber for District Attorney, Wright for Recorder, Pierce for Coroner, Smyth for County Surveyor.

The election last Tuesday in this county was a surprise to voters who are not on the inside of county politics. When the Democratic convention met in Santa Rosa to nominate candidates against those selected at the Cloverdale Republican County Convention aspirants for a place on the ticket were few and far between, and candidates actually had to have the nomination forced on them. The reason for this was that it was thought to be a hopeless task to win out against the Republican nominees, who were without exception strong men. The result last Tuesday shows that several of the Democratic nominees, who thought at the outset of the campaign that they had a hopeless fight before them, were elected by handsome majorities, owing to the vagaries of the average Sonoma county voter.

Gage for Governor has a plurality of 408.

Seawell for Congress leads Barham in the county 500 votes.

Colgan, R., for Controller has a majority of nearly 2,000 over his Democratic opponent.

Thompson, D., for Secretary of State, runs ahead of his ticket 400 votes.

For State Senator J. C. Sims, Democrat, is elected by 349 majority.

For Assemblyman in the Sixteenth District H. M. LeBaron, Republican, defeats E. H. Hinshaw, his majority being 283.

For Assemblyman in the Seventeenth District W. F. Cowan, Democrat, is elected by 263 majority over Sheridan Peterson.

For Sheriff Frank P. Grace, Democrat, beats Frank Murphy, Republican, 546 votes.

For Clerk Somers B. Fulton, Republican, is elected over A. Domine, Democrat, by nearly 500 majority.

For Auditor and Recorder Fred. L. Wright, Democrat, defeats, Wm. A. Mills, Republican.

For District Attorney O. O. Webber, Republican, is elected over Thos. J. Butts, Democrat, by a small majority.

For Superintendent of Schools Miss Minnie Coulter, Democrat, has a majority of 1,800 over her Republican opponent, J. E. Metzger.

For Surveyor N. V. V. Smythe, Republican, is elected over Huebner, Democrat.

For Coroner J. G. Pierce, Republican, defeats Si. Hilgerloh, Democrat.

In the Second and Fourth Supervisor Districts Jos. McMinn and Gallant Rains are elected by small majorities. Both are Democrats. The political complexion of the Board after January 1st will be three Democrats and two Republicans.

RESULT IN SONOMA TOWNSHIP

Fulton, Poppe, Mills, Dowd, Grace and Miss Coulter Run Ahead of their Ticket.

Cheney Elected Justice of the Peace and Ohm Constable.

The election passed off in this place last Tuesday without incident, in fact it was the quietest election held in Sonoma for many a day—no drunks, no fights, no nothing to denote that a bitter election contest was taking place in our midst. But notwithstanding all this serenity on the surface the voters turned out to a man and candidates, both Republicans and Democrats, were knifed right and left. Figuratively speaking the streets of Sonoma were deluged with political gore when the polls closed.

Out of 168 votes cast in this precinct only two tickets were voted straight—one Republican and the other Democratic. Five voters put a cross opposite Maguire and then voted the Republican State ticket straight from Lieutenant Governor down. Twenty-three Democrats voted for Robert Poppe for Senator and twenty four Republicans voted for his opponent Sims. It was scratch, scratch, scratch—in fact a veritable seven-years-itch election contest.

In San Luis precinct one voter cast his ballot for two candidates only. One of these was for the Prohibitionist candidate for Governor and the other for Frank P. Grace for Sheriff. No inconsistency in that vote, was there?

The contest over the office of Justice of the Peace and Constable was a hotly contested one and resulted in the election of J. M. Cheney and Chas. Ohm by small majorities.

Frank Grace for Sheriff, Minnie Coulter for School Superintendent and Frank Dowd for Assessor ran way ahead of their respective tickets.

Somers B. Fulton for County Clerk has a majority in Sonoma Township of 147.

Following is the vote in Sonoma Township:

SONOMA PRECINCT.

GOVERNOR.

Republican—		Democrat—
Gage	91	Maguire 60

CONGRESSMAN.

Barham	86	Seawell 70

SENATOR.

Poppe	98	Sims 64

ASSEMBLYMAN.

Peterson	85	Cowan 66

SHERIFF.

Murphy	62	Grace 108

CLERK.

Fulton	108	Domine 53

RECORDER.

Mills	100	Wright 56

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Webber	74	Butts 81

ASSESSOR.

Vanderhoof	56	Dowd 102

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Metzger	59	Miss Coulter 94

TREASURER.

Woodward	90	Goshen 63

SURVEYOR.

Smythe	96	Huebner 51

CORONER.

Pierce	81	Hilgerloh 65

JUSTICE.

Cheney	94	Gibson 62

CONSTABLE.

Ohm	74	Beatty 69

Robin, 17.

AGUA CALIENTE PRECINCT.

GOVERNOR.

Republican—		Democrat—
Gage	55	Maguire 41

CONGRESSMAN.

Barham	54	Seawell 37

SENATOR.

Poppe	57	Sims 33

ASSEMBLYMAN.

Peterson	53	Cowan 36

SHERIFF.

Murphy	42	Grace 52

CLERK.

Fulton	60	Domine 28

RECORDER.

Mills	52	Wright 39

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Webber	52	Butts 40

ASSESSOR.

Vanderhoof	45	Dowd 49

TREASURER.

Woodward	55	Goshen 35

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Metzger	35	Coulter 55

CORONER.

Pierce	53	Hilgerloh 33

SURVEYOR.

Smythe	53	Heubner 35

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Cheney	60	Gibson 31

CONSTABLE.

Ohm	41	B atty 43

Robin, 11.

GLEN ELLEN PRECINCT.

GOVERNOR.

Gage	61	Maguire 81

CONGRESSMAN.

Barham	51	Seawell 93

SENATOR.

Poppe	63	Sims 85

ASSEMBLYMAN.

Peterson	55	Cowan 90

SHERIFF.

Murphy	50	Grace 102

CLERK.

Fulton	80	Domine 69

AUDITOR.

Mills	76	Wright 69

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Webber	54	Butts 89

ASSESSOR.

Vanderhoof	67	Dowd 80

TREASURER.

Woodward	74	Goshen 74

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Metzger	53	Miss Coulter 89

CORONER.

Pierce	63	Hilgerloh 74

SURVEYOR.

Smythe	73	Heubner 68

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Cheney	22	Gibson 129

CONSTABLE.

Ohm	41	Beatty 102

SAN LUIS.

GOVERNOR.

Gage	92	Maguire 44

CONGRESSMAN.

Barham	81	Seawell 54

SENATOR.

Poppe	103	Sims 32

ASSEMBLYMAN.

Peterson	77	Cowen 54

SHERIFF.

Murphy	69	Grace 65

CLERK.

Fulton	92	Domine 39

RECORDER.

Mills	98	Wright 37

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Webber	71	Butts 59

ASSESSOR

Vanderhoof	53	Dowd 83

TREASURER.

Woodward	70	Goshen 64

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Metzger	54	Coulter 79

CORONER

Pierce	80	Hilgerloh 47

SURVEYOR.

Smythe	85	Heubner 44

The Grand Jury.

The Grand Jury, which was recently impanelled in the Superior Court of this county and which adjourned until after election, will re-convene in Santa Rosa on Monday, November, 24th. Ex Mayor Seipp of this city is the only member from this part of the county, and his attention is called to the drawing of a deadly weapon on a citizen the other day by a disreputable character in this town, who ought to be suppressed by the strong arm of the law. An effort is being made to hush the matter up and the chances are no arrest will follow. The whole matter, however, will be brought to the attention of the Grand Jury.

W. L. Crooks Honored.

W. L. Crooks, formerly station agent of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company in this place, but who moved to Benicia a number of years ago, has been elected a Supervisor of Solano county by one of the largest majorities ever given to a candidate for the office in that county. Mr. Crooks is the first Republican Supervisor elected in Benicia for twenty-five years.

The busiest place in Petaluma is the RACKET STORE. There you can get anything usually found in a first-class dry goods store. The best dress goods at 25c per yard. The nicest dress goods at 50c per yard. Of trimmings the best; of trimmings the latest. All kinds of shirtings at 10c per yard. Tennis flannels in any color or quality. The best flaneletts at 8½c per yard. The best values in cotton flannels; also blankets, quilts, comforters, etc. Don't miss the place.

RACKET STORE. *

Mail is delivered in the Phillipines about a month after it is posted in the United States. The time depends on connections, especially at Hongkong, but mail matter is never delayed at that port more than three days.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

SUICIDE AT EL VERANO.

MAURICE NEWELL DISCOVERED DEAD IN HIS BED.

Writes a Letter Saying He is About to Take Poison.

Maurice Newell, who came to this valley about a year ago and located at El Verano on a piece of land purchased from the Pacific Improvement Company, committed suicide last Wednesday night.

He was discovered lying in his bed undressed by a young lad named Larsen, who had been stopping with him in his bachelor quarters for several months.

An empty flask, which had contained laudanum and whisky, was found on a table near the bed.

The suicide was a most deliberate one. Newell, before swallowing the deadly potion, wrote a four-page letter in a steady and beautiful hand to E. Graham, a neighbor, in which he stated that he was about to commit suicide. He assigned no reason for the rash act and remarked in the letter that his taking off was his own affair.

Newell was badly in debt and while on a visit to Vallejo a few days before committing the deed had lost considerable money at the gaming table. He returned to Sonoma in an intoxicated condition and had been drinking very heavy up to the very day of his death.

He appeared to be in a despondent frame of mind, but never hinted to his acquaintances that he contemplated suicide, and being of a generally cheerful disposition his manner of death was a great shock to his friends.

Newell, previous to locating in this vallley, had served in the United States Navy, and was highly educated. Dr. Evans, formerly Surgeon on board the U. S. training ship Adams, who was recently summoned to the Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard, was an intimate friend and a frequent visitor to deceased while on duty at Mare Island.

Coroner Young was summoned from Healdsburg and held an inquest on the remains on Thursday evening. The verdict of the jury was in substance that Newell came to his death by taking a dose of laudanum with suicidal intent, and that he was a native of Kentucky and aged 40 years.

Newell has only one known relative and that is a niece residing in Philadelphia.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all druggists.

Public Money Counted.

The public money in the county treasury was counted Monday morning by the county board of examiners, consisting of Supervisor Gray, Assistant District Attorney Butts and Auditor Atchinson, and a surplus of twenty cents found as per the following statement:

Balance October, 1898	$131,296.38
Receipts for October	1,829.24
Total	$133,125.62
Disbursements for October	33,794.37
Balance November 1st	$ 99,331.25
Examiner's count	99,331.45
Surplus	.20

Cattle Condemned.

On Saturday last Dr. J. J. Summerfield of Santa Rosa visited the California Home at Eldridge and made an official inspection of all the cattle on the Home farm. Out of eighty-seven bovines examined with the tuberculine test nineteen were condemned. On several of the cows post-mortem examinations were held and all were found to be diseased.

Cure a Cold in One Day,

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

THAT CLOTHING WINDOW.

That clothing window at the Racket Store, Petaluma, is creating much comment. It contains eighteen men's suits of different patterns. All well made and up to date, and in all sizes from 34 to 42. The Racket offers these suits at $5 each. They also have 115 overcoats at a bargain. *

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

And Other Matters of Interest to the General Reader.

Items of a personal and social nature are thankfully received at this office.

S. A. Ringstrom was a visitor to the city last Monday.

Mrs. Pauline McMullen is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Bates.

Geo. Smith spent last Monday and Tuesday with Sonoma friends.

Thos. Erskine transacted business in the metropolis last Monday.

Werner Wiget visited friends in San Francisco last Saturday and Sunday.

Horace Appleton Jr., spent last Saturday and Sunday in the metropolis.

Henry Rogers, formerly of this valley, was up from the city on Sunday last.

Geo. Fouts and Walter Murphy, two of Sonoma's soldier boys, were in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Ed. Wegner was called to the San Francisco Thursday by the death of her sister.

Mrs. Julius Wegner of Glen Ellen returned from a brief visit to the metropolis Monday.

Julius Fochetti and son were passengers on the south bound train Sunday morning.

Mrs. Marie Chase and little son are up from San Francisco and are guests at the Seipp farm.

Miss Ping returned to her home in Glen Ellen last Monday, after a pleasant visit in San Jose.

Geo. Spencer and several friends from the metropolis enjoyed a drive around the valley Sunday.

Mrs. M. Martí of this place visited her sister, Mrs. M. Reidi of Petaluma, several days this week.

Mrs. M. Pohley and J. Stademan were the guests of relatives and friends in Tiburon last Sunday.

Ralph Morris and Perry Ferris came up from the Presidio last Sunday and visited relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hotz are rejoicing over the birth of a son, which was born to them on the 3rd inst.

Mrs. C. E. Johnson came up from the city Wednesday night and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cheney.

Since the hero-kissing craze has started a young lady one morning was caught kissing the grass, supposing it to be Dewey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cheney went to Fulton Sunday, where they attended the marriage of their niece Miss Elnora Harvey to Mr. Trugett.

J. Roderick ten Bosch, who has been in the valley the past four months visiting friends, has gone to the city, where he has accepted a position with the San Francisco Mechanical Directory Company.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At Atwaters

863 Main St., Petaluma.

FRUIT JARS

Superior EASTERN at price of Cal. make.

Pints.....55c doz
Quarts.....60c doz
One-half Gallon.....85c doz

JELLY GLASSES.

20c and 25c per dozen.

Table Tumblers.....25c doz
Mason Jar Rubbers.....2 doz 5c
Mason Jar Tops.....30c doz

HAMMOCKS...60c to $10 each
CROQUET....$1.00 to $8.00 set

Toys, Games and Stationery

MUSIC, NOTIONS, NOVELTIES.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

F. H. ATWATER,

863 Main Street,

Petaluma, Cal.

The Place To Trade

HEMENWAY & McALLISTER

GROCERS

McNear's Building, Lower Main st.,

Petaluma.

E. G. Mills & Co.,

Stationery,

SCHOOL SUPPLIES,
PLATED, GLASS,
WOOD, TIN and
WILLOW WARE.

Crockery,

SCHOOL SUPPLIES,
TOYS, NOTIONS, ETC.

802 MAIN, ST., PETALUMA

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUST worthy persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept., M, Chicago.

Not by Accident

But by offering the best goods at the lowest possible price is what has made our store the Leader.

Boys' heavy Sweaters, black, maroon and navy. Price 50c each.
Men's heavy wool Sweaters, black and navy blue. Price $1.00 and $1.50.
Men's heavy wool lined Gloves. Price 25c, 35c and 50c per pair.
Men's heavy oil tan Working Gloves, 15c, 25c and 50c per pr.
Men's heavy Cottonade Coats, for winter. Price 50c each.
Boys' long Cottonade Pants, ages 12 to 18 years, 50c per pair.
Fine silk Windsor Ties. Price 12½c each.
Men's heavy twilled Red Flannel Underwear, $1.00 each.
Men's heavy navy blue Twilled Flannel Overshirts, $1.00 each.
Men's heavy 9 oz riveted Blue Denim Overalls, 30c per pair.
Ladies' brown or black Cashmere Gloves, 25c per pair.
Infant's fine Woolen Mittens, in white or colors, 15c, 20c and 25c pr.
Infants' Eiderdown Sacques, in white, pink or blue, 50c each.
Infants' Woolen Boots and Slippers. Price 15c, 20c, 25c and 35c.
Infants' Mocassins and Soft Sole Shoes. Price 25c, 35c and 50c.
Infants' Stiff Ankle Shoes, for weak ankles. Price $1.00 per pr.
Infants' fine kid Button Shoes, pat. tip, new toes, 50c per pair.
Infants' extra fine Fancy Dress Shoes, cloth tops, 95c & $1 per pr.
Children's fine Cloth Top Shoes, new toes, lace or button. Price $1.00, $1.25 and $1 35 per pr.
Children's heavy Kangaroo grain Winter Shoes, stylish toes. Price $1.25 and $1.50 per pr.
Misses fine or heavy Shoes, new coin toes, lace or button, $1.25 and $1.50 per pair.
Ladies' Spring Heel Shoes, fine or heavy. Price $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.
Ladies' fine Dress Shoes, lace or button, new toes, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.
Ladies' Heavy Winter Shoes, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00 per pr.
Boys' heavy Winter or fine Dress Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 per pr.
Men's Shoes, all grades, big stock. Price $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

HALE BROS & CO

Largest Store in Petaluma.

:-: DAUNT'S -:-

Is the cheapest place in the county to buy Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware. I have a fine line of Silver Novelties for the holiday trade. My optical department is complete and I am prepared to fit all cases of Defective Eyes. A chance given on a beautiful Cuckoo clock with every 25 ct purchase. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired promptly and accurately. Call and see my stock while in town.

Daunt the Optician and Jeweler,

809 MAIN ST., PETALUMA.

SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

SONOMA, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1898.

THE OLD STORY.

Spring, spring, the budding o' the year,
Dear to the young and the old.

His warehouse fronts a dusty street
Within the city's crowded heart,
Alas, the price of every beat,
Here, foremost in exchange and mart.

He sits alone, a silent man,
Unloved; all fear his vigil keen;
His thought, the ledger's page to scan,
And spy near desk and door unseen.

And yet whene'er the breath of spring
Steals shyly in upon the breeze
His voice takes on a kindlier ring,
His crusty mien a touch of ease.

The flower girl ventures through the place,
Though he refuses to buy her wares;
The boys perceive an hour of grace
And softly whistle on the stairs.

For half unwittingly he dreams;
A fancy, born mid orchard's bloom,
Floats back upon the sunlight's gleams
And haunts the dingy, cobwebbed room.

It clings; he fain would drive away
The pleading wraith of boyish years.
It flits; forlorn, he bids it stay,
This foolish thing of smiles and tears!
—Florence S. Brown in Boston Transcript.

TWO PENSIONERS.

More than one of the passing throng that went to and fro over the pavements of the little city park had noticed the small, tidy, comfortable and serene looking old lady sitting on one of the park benches near the fountain.

The old lady had nothing to sell and no favors to ask of any one. Had she offered any explanation as to why she sat in the park sewing or knitting steadily she would have said simply:

"I love to be out in the open air where the sun is shinin an the birds are singin, with the blue sky overhead. Then I like to set an see the people go by an wonder where they're come from an where they're goin. I've got so I know lots of 'em by sight, an a good many of 'em nod an speak to me so nice an fr'en'lylike, an some of 'em stop an chat a little once in awhile.

"But I come here," and then there would be a quavering and pathetic note in her voice, "because somehow or other I seem to kind of make trouble at home, though, land knows, I try not to, but it don't seem to do any good. You see, I live with my son an his wife. My daughter-in-law, Susan, she seems to think it's kind of hard to have me round, though I do every stitch of the mendin an all the plain sewin, an there's a lot of it to do, for Susan has a big house an rents furnished rooms, an there's always sheets an towels to hem, an I'm never idle, so I can't help feelin that I earn my keep.

"Then I've got a pension of $12 a month that I draw every three months, but somehow it always happens that my son is in a tight place an needs the pension money to tide him over, an then I guess he an his wife fergit about it, for I never git it back ag'in. I wouldn't mind that if they could only feel that the pension money an the work I do paid for my keep. I do hate to feel that I'm a burden to 'em, an I can't be any great of a one, fer I'm no eater to speak of, an I'm real savin an careful of my clothes.

"I'd go into an old ladies' home if I could save my money so as to pay the entrance fee, but even if I did my son an Susan wouldn't be willin I should go, because it would make talk, an I reckon they'd miss my pension mightily.

"So after I git the dishes washed up an things kind o' put in order I git my sewin ready an come out here in the park where I ain't in anybody's way an where I don't make trouble for any one. Susan says she don't think I accomplish as much sewin as I would if I was in the house, an mebbe I don't, but I'm happier out here where folks seem fr'en'ly and pleasantlike. The policeman on this beat comes round an chats with me now an then an calls me 'gra'ma'am,' an sometimes I tighten up a button on his coat. We're real good fr'en's. Then the old apple woman is real fr'en'ly an often runs over an fetches me a speckled apple or pear. There's lots o' fr'en'liness in the world. That gray haired old gentleman over there the other side o' the fountain is one o' my fr'en's, an we chat together a great deal. He's got a pension, too, an is situated a good deal as I am in other respec's. He lives with his married daughter, an I gether from what he says that she wouldn't have 'im round if it wa'n't for his pension. He gits $12 a month, same as I do, but his daughter don't let him keep but a dollar of it, an she begretches him that. It hardly keeps his pipe goin."

The old man referred to was an inoffensive looking man of about 65 years. He was pretty shabbily dressed and would have been even ragged at times had not the little old lady "kep' him mended up." It was not uncommon to see him sitting in his shirt sleeves by her side while she skillfully mended or sewed up rents in his shabby old coat.

He had a kindly face and childish blue eyes, in which there was often a look of mute appeal. He spent most of his time in the park, because he, too, was "in the way" in his daughter's home. She was a shrewish and slatternly woman, with a tongue like a blade. Few kind words ever fell from her lips, and none was ever spoken to her old father.

When the old man's pension money came, it was seized by his domineering daughter quite as if it were her own and some months she failed to allow him even his dollar for "spending money."

It was a "kind of comfort," he said, to talk over his troubles with some one, and he found the old lady to be a willing and sympathetic listener. They had not known each other until they had "kind o' got acquainted," as the old lady said. Now they were the best of friends, and the old man frequently read the newspaper to her while she diligently plied her needle. They made a pleasant picture sitting there under the elms, and more than one passerby had said, "They would make a good study for an artist."

The old man had found her sitting there one spring morning when he came walking rather wearily across the park. His "rheumatiz" had been giving him a little trouble.

"But I reckon it'll not trouble you any more, now that it's gittin so warm an pleasant," said the old lady, encouragingly.

"I'm hopin not," he said. "I shall need all the strength I can git to hold out ag'in Marthy, my daughter, the way I'm plannin to hold out next week."

"How's that?"

"Well, my quarterly pension comes in, an I've made up my mind to draw it an keep it my own self this quarter. I'm needin a good many things, an I've turned my pension over to Marthy every quarter for so long I'm bound and determined to keep it this time. It'll be a hard tussle, but I'm goin to do it."

"I would so," said the old lady sympathetically. "It's kind o' funny, but I've made up my mind to do the same thing with my pension. Mine comes due next week, too, an I'm goin to keep every cent of it. I'm needin a new calico dress an overshoes, an anyhow I want to save a little money in my pocket. It ain't right for me to give up so to my son after all I've done for him. I jest shan't do it any longer."

There was a resolute note in her voice, and she gave her head a little toss of defiance.

"You're right," said the old man with decision. "It ain't right for us to be domineered over so. Sometimes I've thought of gittin me a room an shiftin for myself. I'd do it if my pension was a little bigger."

"I've thought of the same thing," said the little old lady, "an I don't know but I'll do it yit. I'm real spry, an it wouldn't be no trick at all for me to keep house for myself. Land knows I work harder an steadier now than if I was keepin house in a room or two by myself. Then I wouldn't be in nobody's way nor make no trouble for any one. I've got my own things too. Ev'rything in my room at my son's house is my own, an they couldn't keep me from takin 'em away if I had a mind to."

"I've got a good cook stove and a lot of things stored away," said the old man. "They couldn't make me sell 'em, for I didn't know but I'd want 'em some time, an I—I"—

He scratched in the gravel with the end of his cane, and there was silence for a few minutes. The pillowslip the old lady was hemming fell into her lap, and she let it lie there while she crossed her hands idly and looked at a pair of sparrows chattering away in a tree across the walk.

Suddenly the old man said slowly, without looking up, "We might—that is, if you was willn—put our furniture an our pensions together."

"Yes, we might."

The old man dropped his cane and faced her eagerly. His wrinkled hand reached out and touched hers. His voice was tremulous with eagernese as he said:

"We will, if you'll only say so. I've thought of it over an over ag'in, but I ain't had the courage to ask you to—to marry me. We'd be real happy an comfortable together. If you'll just say the word, we'll break way from all this bein domineered over an live as we have a right to live—if you'll only say the word."

The next day the old lady, clad in her brown merino Sunday gown, and the old man in his Sunday suit appeared in the study of the minister of a little mission church they both attended and were married.

"It'll be an awful s'prise to my son an his wife," said the smiling old bride.

"An to my daughter," said the bridegroom, and then he added valiantly: "But let 'em say an do what they will. I'll defend you ag'in 'em all, my dear."

There is not in all the city a happier or more contented couple than this pair of old pensioners in their two cozy rooms. They may be yet seen any fine day on their favorite bench in the city park with the birds above them singing their love songs and their own hearts not too old to be filled with tender affections, with hopes and with harmonies.
—Detroit Free Press.

Counterfeit Ivory.

Large quantities of articles made of ivory having been put upon the market at extremely reasonable prices led to an investigation as to their source. The supply of ivory is so limited that the prices can scarcely be varied; therefore there was evidence that something uncommercial was being done. It was found that the fruit of a variety of palm was being utilized. This fruit has a very hard and white kernel. It can be worked in a lathe and is of such fine quality that experts may be puzzled to distinguish it from the genuine article. It is susceptible to almost all uses to which genuine ivory is put. To detect the difference, apply a small quantity of concentrated sulphuric acid. This causes the imitation article to assume a shade of pink, while on genuine ivory it produces no change whatever.—New York Ledger.

A Little Sarcastic.

When a man writes a modern story and hopes for success, he must make the characters truly good. There must be the noble young man, and the patient wife, and the hard working pastor, devoted to his flock. But if he writes a story of the Romans he can make it as sensational as he pleases and call it historic.—Atchison Globe.

Artificial Rubies.

A patent has been taken out in Germany for the production of artificial rubies by evaporating a mixture of alumina and chronic oxide in the electric furnace and pass the vapors, with the introduction of damp air and hydrochloric acid, into a condensing chamber, where the rubies precipitate.

Milk Nuggets.

Hoax—Our milkman reminds me of a successful gold miner.

Joax—How so?

"He handles paying quarts."—Philadelphia Record.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Duhring has made a big cut on flour. He is now selling Port Costa at $1.10 and Oregon at $1.00 per sack.

Porpoise Oil.

Oils, animal, vegetable and mineral, are second in importance to but few domestic articles of commerce. Already medicinally invaluable in the bygone ages of hand labor, lubricants have become almost a condition of existence in this century of machinery, and of all oils porpoise oil is the finest, the most difficult to obtain, almost the most costly. The difficulty, be it incidentally remarked, lies not in expressing the oil from the porpoise, but in catching the porpoise itself. These cetaceans, like the fish they prey on, are most uncertain in their movements, at one time playing by the week in our very harbors, at others staying a whole month far from the coast. An economic and reliable method of obtaining a regular supply of porpoises from our seas would be worth a fortune.

At present their capture is no more than accidental. Porpoises are known to venture into salmon estuaries during spring flood tides, returning to salt water with the ebb, and, as an improvement on the present casual supply system, strong rope nets might be cast at the mouths of these estuaries to intercept the invaders as they leave. Probably, however, the ultimate solution will be found in the rifle and some particular cartridge, preferably fronted with soft, hollow lead to flatten in the creature's ribs. It may be that even with a fatal bullet the difficulty is not ended, for it has not yet been shown whether, when fatally hit, the porpoise sinks or floats.—London Spectator.

Webster Cowed Them.

William Wetmore Story, the sculptor and poet, was one of the few men who presumed to call Lowell "Jim" to the end, and Miss Mary E Phillips, in her "Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story," tells, in Story's own words to her, the following tale of the two young men: "James Lowell and I were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil hall on the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, we determined to go in (from the Harvard Law school) and hoot at him and show him that he had incurred our displeasure. There were 3,000 people there, and we felt sure that they would hoot with us, young as we were.

"But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became as cold as ice and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium, our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from an abject contempt to belief and approbation."

His Hair In Danger.

A young artist whose pipe, eyeglasses and luxuriant blond hair have made him well known in town went to a garden party not so much for social amusement as for pencil studies of high life. He wore a tall hat, frock coat and lavender trousers and carried a sketching block a yard square. At the party his epigrams, paradoxes and fiendish silvery laugh overwhelmed, as he intended, all the girls in sight or hearing, but he got through with his social duties as speedily as might be, then went and sat down on a distant fence.

Soon pencil studies lay all around him on the grass. Suddenly he felt a gentle tug at his back hair. He thought, "That is some fresh Alec trying to guy me," and he did not look up. The gentle tugging ceased, began again, became much stronger, and then he felt something wet, soft, slimy, on his neck. With a dreadful oath he leaped from the fence and looked behind him. Back there was a smart trap, in which sat two girls and a young man laughing. The horses were close to the fence, and it was one of these that had commenced browsing on the artist's profuse locks. Explanations followed and apologies. "All flesh," the artist said, "is grass, but not all hair."
—Philadelphia Record.

Some Extraordinary Mothers.

Probably the youngest grandmother of whom we have record was a Lady Child of Shropshire, England. She had married at 12 years of age and had a child before her thirteenth year was completed. This child in turn married while still very young, with the result that Lady Child was a grandmother at 27. The most extraordinary cases of motherhood were those of Mrs. Honeywood of Charing, in Kent, and Lady Temple of Stow. When the former died, on May 10, 1620, aged 93, she counted as her descendants 16 children, 114 grandchildren, 238 great-grandchildren and 9 great-great-grandchildren. The other case was even more remarkable. Lady Temple, who died in 1656, had give birth to 4 sons and 9 daughters and lived to see more than 700 descendants.

Taste of Boiled Water.

In advocating the practice of boiling water (and milk) of uncertain purity Professor Bizzozero combats the prejudice against boiled water as a beverage. He maintains that the "taste" frequently complained of in boiled water is really caused by the kettle and can scarcely be due to the absence of dissolved air, of which water from wells of great depth often contains very little.
—Pittsburg Dispatch

A Question of Locality.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Madpop to his long suffering wife, "if Willy does not behave himself, I'll give him the worst spanking he ever had. He'll get it in the neck."

"Do be serious, my dear," replied Mrs. Madpop. "The neck is no place on which to spank a child."—Harper's Bazar.

Which End?

Irascible Lieutenant (down engine room tube)—Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?

Voice From the Engine Room—Not at this end, sir.—Punch

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

MISCELLANEOUS. MISCELLANEOUS.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This is a fair Picture

of one of the swell medium weight suits for men that we sell for

Ten Dollars

Can you tell it from a $20.00 made-to-order suit? Picture in your mind the very nicest ready-to-wear suit that you ever bought for $15.00 and we'll guarantee these to equal it.

The Materials
Black Clay Worsted.
Black or blue all-wool Serge Cheviots.
Brown or grey all-wool Cassimeres and Fancy Cheviots.

The Styles
Round cornered 4-but. sacks.
Straight cut sacks.
Double breasted sacks.
Italian or serge linings—sewn throughout with silk—cut stylishly and to fit all sizes—slim and stout.
Send chest, waist, sleeve and inside leg measure when ordering.

The Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEN! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast,
DR. JORDAN & CO.,
1051 Market St. Est'd 1852.
Young men and middle aged men who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in maturer years. Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood in all its complications; Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc. By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—Diseases of Men.
Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the system without using Mercury.
EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our *honest opinion* of his complaint.
We will Guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit One Thousand Dollars.
Consultation FREE and strictly private. *CHARGES VERY REASONABLE.* Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book, "The Philosophy of Marriage," free. (A valuable book for men.)
VISIT DR. JORDAN'S
Great Museum of Anatomy
the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are continually adding new specimens. *CATALOGUE FREE.* Call or write.
1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

California Northwestern Railway Co.
LESSEE OF
SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R'Y CO.

OFFICIAL TIME SCHEDULE

Leave Sonoma.		Effectiv Oct 16, 1898.	Arrive Sonoma.	
WEEK DAYS	SUN DAYS	TO AND FROM.	SUN-DAYS	WEEK DAYS
6.18 AM 2.45 PM	8.10 AM 3.37 PM	San Francisco San Rafael and intermediates	10.25 AM 7.15 PM	10.30 AM 7.20 PM
10.30 AM 7.20 PM	10.25 AM 7.15 PM	Glen Ellen and intermediates	8.10 AM 3.37 PM	6.18 AM 2 45 PM
6.18 AM 2.45 PM	8.10 AM 3.37 PM	Novato Petaluma Santa Rosa and intermediates	10.25 AM 7.15 PM	10.30 AM 7.20 PM
6.18 AM 2.45 PM	8.10 AM	Cloverdale Healdsburg Lytton and intermediates	7.15 PM	10.30 AM 7 20 PM
6.18 AM	8.10 AM	Ukiah and intermediates	7.15 PM	7.20 PM
6.18 AM	8.10 AM	Sebastopol and intermediates	10.25 AM 7.15 PM	10.30 AM 7.20 PM
6.18 AM 2.45 PM	8.10 AM	Guerneville and intermediates	7.15 PM	10.30 AM 7.20 PM

H. C. WHITING, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN Gen. Pass Ag.

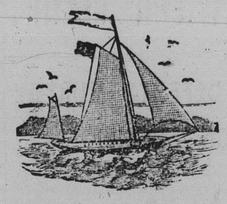
CONRAD FUTTEREP.

Merchant Tailor
Clewe's Building, Sonoma.
THE ONLY TAILOR IN SONOMA VALLEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Central Market.
SOUTH SIDE OF PLAZA, SONOMA
HENRY HARTIN, Proprietor.
MAKES A SPECIALTY OF FINE
Beef, Mutton, Pork and Sausage.
Eastern Hams, Bacon Lard, Fresh Ranch Butter and Eggs.
Fresh Fish Every Thursday and Friday.
Vegetables Fresh from the Garden and Tropical and Semi-Tropical Fruits.
Orders delivered to all parts of the valley free of charge.

SCHOONER FOUR SISTERS.



HAUTO, MASTER.
Will make three trips per week from EMBARCADERO to SAN FRANCISCO and return. Shippers of Fruit, etc., can obtain terms by applying to owner at Jackson-street wharf. San Francisco, and at Embarcadero or Schellville P. O. jy1-1y

NOTICE
TO TAX-PAYERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

I. That all taxes in the City of Sonoma for the year 1898-9 on all personal property secured by real property and one-half of the taxes on real property will be due and payable on the

First Monday in October, 1898,

And will be delinquent on the

Third Monday in November

Next thereafter at 6 o'clock P. M., and that unless paid prior thereto, fifteen per cent. will be added to the amount thereof, and that if said one-half be not paid before the

First Monday in February

Next at 6 o'clock P. M., an additional five per cent. will be added thereto.

II. That the remaining one-half of the taxes on all real property will be payable on and after the

First Monday in January,

Next, and will be delinquent on the

First Monday in February

Thereafter at 6 o'clock P. M., and that unless paid prior thereto five per cent will be added to the amount thereof, and that liens will attach after the

First Monday in March, 1899

At 6 o'clock P. M.

III. That all taxes may be paid at the time when the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable.

IV. Taxes may be paid at the City Hall on any day, Sundays excepted, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 4 P. M.

J. EUGENE ROBIN,
City Tax Collector.
Sonoma, Sept. 24, 1898.

FOR SALE.
VOLLMAR'S HOTEL
EMBARCADERO.
This popular resort, located five miles from Sonoma, is now offered for sale at a figure that will pay big interest on the investment. Good reasons given for selling. Big bar trade the year round.
For further particulars call on or address
H. H. GRANICE.
Sonoma, Sonoma Co., Cal.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR "GLADstone, His Life and Public Services," by Thos. W. Handford. A wonderful story of a glorious career. Over 500 large, radiant pages. 100 superb, rare engravings. Richest, biggest, best and only endorsed "Gladstone book" published. Only $1.50. Commission, 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Drop all trash and clear $300 a month with the only true and good "Gladstone book." Address THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 36, 532-536 Dearborn street, Chicago.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUST worthy persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. Refrences. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelop, Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept. M, Chicago.

GROVES

TASTELESS CHILL TONIC
IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS.
WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.
GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.
Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,
ABNEY, CARR & Co.

This Is Your Opportunity.
On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.
ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.
Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.
Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

HOTELS.

Union Hotel,
NAPA ST., SONOMA.
First-Class Resort for Commercial Travelers and Families.
MRS. E. JONES, PROP.
UNION HALL.
Attached to the Hotel is the largest public hall in Sonoma, fitted up with stage, scenery, etc., which can be rented on reasonable terms.

Sonoma House.
Sonoma, Cal
This well-known House has just been reopened and will be conducted in a First-Class Style.
THE BAR will be supplied with the very best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
MRS. E. GLYNN.

City Hotel.
WEST SIDE OF PLAZA, SONOMA
Having remodeled, renovated and newly furnished the above Hotel the undersigned will conduct the same as a first-class resort. THE TABLE will always be supplied with the best the market affords.
Finest Sonoma Valley Wines 5c per Glass.
L. QUARTAROLI, Proprietor.

Brooklyn Hotel,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.
Lodging per Week, $1.
Per Night, 25c & 50c.
This House has been neatly furnished and is conducted in first-class German style.
601 Washington Street,
PETALUMA, CAL.
LOUIS WASSER, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Open until 10 p. m. Sundays 9 to 1.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY
Full Set of Teeth.....$5.00 and up
Gold Crowns, 22-k... 3.50 and up
Fillings..... .25 and up
No charge for Extracting Teeth when plates are ordered.
A Written Guarantee for Ten Years with All Work.
Special Attention Given to Country Patients.
VAN VROOM
ELECTRO-DENTAL PARLORS.
Dr. C. W. KLEISER, Prop.
SIXTH & MARKET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1101 MARKET (BRING THIS WITH YOU.)

J. G. MARCY. J. J. DUNBAR.
Marcy & Dunbar,
MANUFACTURERS OF
TINWARE,
AND DEALERS IN
Stoves, Hardware, Pumps, Etc.
Superior Tinware Made to Order on Short Notice.
HAVING RECENTLY ADDED ENTIRELY NEW machinery to our establishment, we are prepared to manufacture all kinds of Tinware to Order, which for durability cannot be beat.
PRICES REASONABLE.
East Side Broadway,
SONOMA, CAL.

FINE PRINTING At this Office.